

Broken Heartstrings

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Summary: The corruption of the Capitol has been well documented, both on record and in the hearts of Victors. From forced prostitution, to power tripping Gamemakers, to slavery, the Capitol is not shy about going after young Victors just weeks out of the arena. [Hunger Games: Victor/Avox, cowritten with fat necrosis.]

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><p>Pavel was hesitant to continue down the long hallways, glancing back around his shoulder periodically as to check on the Peacekeepers trailing behind him. Before, he used to feel so safe and secure with the Peacekeepers, actually enjoyed making sure that he was in plain sight of them all. Now, since he was reaped, he felt like he was nothing but a target to them- not someone they had to swear to protect and it made him feel sick to his stomach about it. They were Peacekeepers, not terror starters. This wasn't how it was supposed to be and someone needed to do something about itâ€¦ that him should be him- he was always the hero that wanted to bring justice, so why wouldn't he be the one that revolutionized things?<p>

Finally entering the end of the hall, he patted his uncomfortable bright pink suit, swallowing the hard lump in his throat. He needed to be calmâ€¦ there wasn't anything anyone could do to him. He'd just won the Hunger Games two weeks ago, everyone is watching his every move. Maybe a year later, but not so soon. Not before he even managed to do his victory tour. Or see his family. They couldn't just decide to kill him without letting him see all of them! It wouldn't be fairâ€¦ couldn't be fair no matter how he looked at it.

The Capitol used to be something he looked up at, nowâ€¦ now he just felt fear.

Opening the door carefully, a powerful smell was the first thing that caught his attention. Musky like sex- just like how his house used to smell, how his mother's room almost made him want to vomit as soon as she and her lover for the night (or hour) entered and left it. There wasn't anything comforting about the smell.

"Sir?" He called out, immediately feeling smaller than he should as he did so. This felt weird too. Pavel couldn't put his finger on it, but something was terribly wrong here. The smell wasn't supposed to be here, nor should he really be asked to come and see the Head Gamemaker.

The voice came suddenly, from somewhere amidst the darkness of the room, beginning as barely audible and steadily growing into a low pitched, amused tone the closer it got. "Pavel," the Gamemaker's voice said, strongly, reaching out to pat the boy's shoulder, giving him a once over. His eyes were almost^{â€œ} feral. It was like being watched by a predator- making Pavel feel even more uneasy, practically like prey in the midst of it all.

But the man didn't seem keen on hurting him, despite that gleam in his eyes. He was dressed nicely- in a red and black suit almost too dapper to be wearing around in his own home. And perhaps it was that which sent off the red flags in Pavel's head, no matter trying to rationalize it. He hadn't just gotten home, hadn't been working late- the games were over, and this was^{â€œ} abrupt. Unsettling.

But the Head Gamemaker doesn't waste a second in ushering through the door, flicking on a small lamp in the corner of the room and giving the young Victor a chance to glance around. It was still dimly lit, without any windows but a single one, in the corner beside the bed. He could hear awkward footsteps behind him in the hallway, could see the Gamemaker glancing to the door with a veiled interest, before settling himself in a chair near the door itself.

"You're a very attractive young man, Pavel," he murmurs, eyebrow raised elegantly as he runs a hand through his hair, before reaching out to touch the boy, unsurprised when he instinctively pulled himself away. "Please, don't be like this. You're a Victor now. You need to be more^{â€œ} steady."

This was even worse than he thought.

Much worse.

Moving back, he crossed his arms, giving the best impression of a glare he could. Panic was all he could think to do at this, chewing on his thin, pale lips. He knew what the man was implying, and he didn't like it. Didn't like it when his mother's boyfriends tried to do it when he was younger, won't tolerate it now. No one was allowed to touch him- he didn't allow himself to touch himself, so he wasn't going to start allowing the Gamemaker to do so.

"This is highly^{â€œ}!" the word managed to get stuck in his throat, quickly trying to think over how to properly pronounce it. Deciding to use another one in place, he hissed out a completely different sentence all together. "Please don't touch me^{â€œ} I want to leave- can I leave?"

The simple shake of the man's head is the only answer he really receives, stepping back again as the Head Gamemaker stands to his feet, eyes skirting along his body before he was stepping up to grab hold of his arms, pushing him back until he could force Pavel's knees to hit the side of the bed, slowly pushing him down to lay against the stiff mattress. He jerked the tie from around his own neck, quickly undoing the buttons of his shirt, enough that he could hear them pop as they came undone.

"No, my boyâ€| you're a Victor now. You have to deal with everything that comes with itâ€| you do understand that, don't you? Now, hush. Don't cry, it doesn't suit youâ€|" his fingers brushed along the edge of Pavel's cheek, thumb smudging the tears away from his eyes before steadily gripping his shoulders, fingers sliding under the sleeves of his jacket, pulling his shirt open and ripping it away from freezing skin, watching the shiver that ran up the boy's spine as he did so.

It didn't take long to undo the button of his suit pants, sliding them down thighs even when Pavel's legs lashed out, tried to kick him, force him awayâ€| all he could do was offer a predatory grin, fingers slipping underneath the Victor's chin to tilt his head back, his own knees pinning the boy's shaky legs in place, leaving harsh kisses, marks along the side of his pale throat, hand practically covering his mouth to keep him quiet.

"I wouldn't move, if I were youâ€| is death really better than this? In comparison, this shouldn't be too badâ€| I'll be gentle, dear."

Pavel felt like screaming, trying his best to turn away from the man further and stuff his face into the soft mattress. He could feel his legs being spread apart, still trying to do his best to kick at the older man. The feeling of the Gamemaker's thick and sharp nails digging into his shoulders was too painful for him to not to cry out in pain, biting down sharply on his hand. Tears were continuing to fall down his pale cheeks without his consent, eyes suddenly burning worse than ever before. Why was this happening? It shouldn't beâ€| nothing should ever happen to him. He was the Victorâ€| this wasn't fair.

When the hand moved away from his face, he could only let out an unsteady grown, sniffling. "P-please, sirâ€| get off of me. You're hurting me- I-I want my mentor, I want them, pleaseâ€| Pleaseâ€| d-don't, please."

It didn't seem to persuade the man to stop, only furthering to pull his hair back, twisting it painfully so that he was looking at the man. His face was terrifying, completely and utterly so. Like a children's bedtime story that was meant to scare, but this time it was too true. The Gamemaker leaned forward, forcing his tongue inside his mouth, tongue greedily poking and tracing against his teeth.

The young blonde only sniffled back another harsh hiss, shutting his eyes as he felt the hard of the man hitting his back, teasing his untouched asshole. "P-please, sirâ€| I can't haveâ€|" the word almost felt dirty to say. "Ra-rapeâ€| I-I'm a virginâ€| they won't accept me if I'm not." Please, stop. It all hurts.

><p>There was a noise.</p>

It was a noise from somebody's lips, he knows it well, can remember the way those sounds used toâ€| replay. The wordsâ€| that's what they were, right? Or was thatâ€| shouting. Shouting, as if in pain, something traumatized and brokenâ€| a wail. It hurt his brain, made him want to press his hands around his head, over his ears and just force it all away. Like it could somehow beâ€| erased. It could, couldn't it? His wasâ€|

Everyone's was, with time. He thought about it, how everything was grey, how people screamed and begged but it never did anythingâ€| not in the long run. No, broken bones and dismembered limbs andâ€| blood. It was so easily erased, because people forgot, forgot how to remember and think andâ€| feel. Feeling?

He had feeling in his hands, when he flexed his fingers, and in his back when the whip hit it, butâ€| what was feeling, really? Was itâ€| that? That screaming, that crying, so close and yet so far away? Justâ€| behind that door, so tearful that Anakin knew it was just going to resound in his brain no matter how much he tried to silence it. He shook his head, trying to make it leave- go away, go away, get out.

It was too loud.

No.

No.

His fingers were tangling in the thin fabric of the grey robe he'd been made to wear, fingers covered in lines of black scratching at the rest of his tattooed skin, as though it could somehowâ€| help. Make it go away. But nothing went away, did it? No, not hereâ€| not when he'd been here since he could remember, raised in the Capitol and shoved aside fromâ€|

What had he done?

I'm going to kill him.

Help me.

Help me kill the president.

Maybe it was a delusion, because he could hardly remember what day it was, or what was in his systemâ€| even now, it was too often that he had needles in his arm, couldn't even tell if they were his or his employersâ€| they liked it. Liked to fuck with him, get him high, make his head hurtâ€|

Like this.

He opened the door.

There, sitting on the bed, was a boy. He didn't know the boy, not by name- but maybe by face, he thought. A victor. He wasâ€| crying. The screaming came from him? It's sending distress signals through Anakin's brain, trying to wrap his head around it all.

And then the boy's looking up, seeing him, and he's glancing over to the room where he can hear shuffling, before the Gamemaker is stepping out, looking him over, saying his nameâ€| telling him to take care of it.

He almost doesn't want to.

"I-I want my mentor," Pavel wiped his face, biting down on his lip. He didn't want to get up from where he was sitting, instead, he wanted for Surah to come in and rescue him, comfort him like he did when he woke up and realized where he was just two weeks ago. Surahâ€| Surah would make all of this go away, he had to.

"P-pleaseâ€| c-call Surah. I-Iâ€| won't tell."

He couldn't let any of this get to Asim, they were already under so much stress from their own assault, and Solonâ€| he was so young, and he was still feeling guilty over Asim's incident. They didn't need to know about any of this- he had to keep it away from them all for their own protection. As much as he wanted to just curl up around his siblings, hug and kiss their foreheads, he knew he still had to be their rock, their protector since their mother apparently couldn't manage to do this even when they were younger.

"S-sir?" He looked up, brutally aware of the Avox slowly making their way to him, eyes distant. Pavel almost forgot about the fact that he was ass naked, thighs covered in the Gamemakers' sticky release. It felt horrible, completely demeaned. "P-pleaseâ€| d-don't touch me. C-call Surah. I want Surah, want to leave. I want my mentorâ€|"

The Gamemaker was leaving. The Avox hardly noticed, his eyes barely glancing back to skim over the man's retreating form before he was looking back at the boy. His hands were shaking, trying to place them on the boy's thighs, looking down to realize just how filthy they wereâ€|

This is sick.

Disgusting.

No surprise- they're all humans. People.

Makes me sick.

He was walking over to the bathroom before the Victor could say anything, barely nothing the way he was sitting so uncomfortably, his hair a mess, clothes discarded. All Anakin did was grab the first few cloths he could find in the drawer, wetting one with soap, one without, before quickly walking back to the boy and grasping hold of his leg.

He was hardly surprised when a foot caught him under his chin. But it didn't matter, only making him a little stiff, harder to move his head than usual, not deterring him from cleaning the boy up. He made sure to wet down his thighs, clearing away what remained of the sticky white substance covering the skin, before patting them dry, and looking up to his face. He wanted to pat the rest of his skin dry too, but he wasn't sure that it would be allowed.

And then he was barely managing to avoid the hit that came against

his skin, so quick and harsh that he was almost startled when it happened. But he didn't think much of it, couldn't say anything, so Anakin just patted down his thin grey robe, and offered the kid a smile. Or, as much of one as he could muster. His hand reached up to brush through the younger's hair, almost amazed at how soft it felt compared to his own nowadays. He was rarely allowed to shower, only doing so when someone else was there and told him to.

He wanted to pull the kid into his lap, just hold him and try to comfort him- stroke back his hair and justâ€œ be gentle. But it was probably too much to ask, even when he could clearly see the tears sticking to his cheeks, eyes wide and watering. He bit down on his lip, nervously, before attempting to reach up and place a hand on the Victor's shoulders, look at him so he could try andâ€œ make it better, before he was forced to leave him like thisâ€œ

Pavel wasn't sure whether or not he should say anything to the older man, biting down on his lip so hard that he could feel blood trickling into his mouth. At least the man was being more gentle than the Gamemaker was, thankfully wiping off the release from his thighs. He wanted to say 'thank you', but the words still somehow stuck in his throat with no real hopes of getting out of it any time soon.

He wished the Avox would call Surah, he really did.

Forcing himself to speak, Pavel grabbed his dirty suit shirt, pulling away from the redhead Avox. Slipping the suit on, he tried to compose himself. Everything felt dirty, like he was absolutely filthy in every single way. He really did want Surah; wanted the dark haired man to hold him in his arms, soothe the back of his hair, tell him he'd be okay, and promise to call the Peacekeepers for him if he wanted to.

"I-I want to go home," he whispered, staring back at the man with the most desperate eyes he possibly could. "P-pleaseâ€œ call Surah, call my escort... I want to leave. D-don't wanna see him again. I-I won't tell."

All Anakin could do was shake his head a few times, looking down at his own hands, before staring up at Pavel from where he was kneeling on the floor. He almost didn't know what to do, butâ€œ but he couldn't get a phone. He didn't have access to things like thatâ€œ to almost anything, really, he was just expected to stand there and do what they asked him to.

So he tries to give an apologetic frown to the boy, looking up and making the motion of holding a phone up to his ear before shaking his head again, pointing to the door and the other end of the hallway. He wants to tell him I'm not allowed in there, I'm sorry, the peacekeepers will take you back to the train after- but hardly knows how.

He's pulling himself over to the desk, looking through the drawers for something he could use, eyes settling on a pink sheet with nothing on it, turning it over to write down the note on the back of it.

I do not have access.

He doesn't know if the boy can even read his handwriting, but he's

gesturing to the door and the boy's just saying 'no' and it's all he can do not to justâ€| get up and grab his hand and try toâ€| calm him down, do something, becauseâ€| _hell if I'm letting him stay like this._

He's reaching up from where he's kneeling again, tugging on the end of the boy's pantleg, as if it could somehow get his attention. But then he's just staring blankly down at Anakin and he's brushing his own messy hair away from his eyes and standing and making the motion to the young victor, before pointing to himself, and pretending to slap his own cheek. He doesn't know if it does anything, but he thinks thatâ€| maybe it'll help? Somehowâ€|

And the boy's expression is blank, so he just does it again and presses his back against the wall, stands there and lets his arms hang at his sides, just facing Pavel with no real expression. He gives him a tiny nod, hopefully encouraging. _Yes. Go on. Do whatever you want. Whatever you need. Please._

Pavel stared at the Avox for too long, looking down at the note every few seconds as if the ability to know how to read would suddenly work its way through his brain and make him able to do so now. The Avox was acting weirdly, which only further made him crawl back in the bed, putting his legs up so they were hugging his chest. He didn't want to stay here any further, he really just wanted to see a familiar face and go see his family now.

"I-I can't read, I-I'm sorry," he finally said after a while of staring. "I-I want to go homeâ€| pleaseâ€| call Surah; I justâ€|"

Wiping his face, he stared back up at the man, licking his pale cracked lips. He was scared for the first time in a while. It wasn't something he ever wanted to say outloud, but he had to admit it to himself finally. Every square inch of him felt like he was still being touched and molested by the man's oversized hands, nails digging into his thighs and clawing at his throat as he practically choked him when he finally orgasmed.

"W-whatâ€| what are you trying to do?" He asked quietly, slowly getting off the bed to grab his pants discarded on the floor. "C-can you not? N-not call Surah? N-not allowed? W-what about the Peacekeepers? At least have a way to contact them so I can get on the train?"

Yes. He understood- it was enough that there was a surge of happiness in Anakin's chest, despite the apparent hopelessness of the situation, just nodding at what the boy said, before he walked over to the wall beside the door and pressed a button on the wall, turning back to the young man with what he hoped was a smile. _This is good? They can come now? You are feeling well enough to leave?_

The boy's eyes were still rimmed red with tearsâ€| he tried to pull himself over to him, looking down at the bed with wide eyes at the notion of trying toâ€| sit and comfort the boy. He wasn't allowed to sit on the furniture unless somebody said he couldâ€| but he wanted to help. He didn't know what he was supposed to do. Surely the Gamemaker would see if he sat down?

And then he's just reaching out and brushing hair away from the

Victor's face, nodding to him again before resting a hand on his clothed chest, over where he thinks his heart is. You know? I'm not here to hurt you. Please, let me be good to you. You need comfort. It hurts that he can't say any of it, crouching down on the floor again and reaching forward to take the boy's hands in his own bony, unkempt ones, rubbing his thumbs across the top of his hands as he frowned.

He looked up to him, trying to convey it with his eyes. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Pavel blinked back tears, trying his best not to yank them back from the older man as he slowly nodded. "Pavelâ€| Elsbeth. You know who I am? Iâ€| I just won. Whatâ€| what about you? Do you have a name?"

He tried not to feel freaked out about the situation, ignoring the instinct to start screaming and yelling at the taller man to call back the Gamemaker so he could arrest him for raping a minor and just get comforted by Surah. As nice as it was to feel the man's hands holding his like this, staring at him with a look of remorse, he didn't know if it felt right still. He was supposed to be leaving to go back home tonight, and nowâ€| he was almost worried about what would happen if he did leave, if he would even be able to look at Asim or Solon or Omid again without feeling completely shameful.

"Iâ€| c-can you make the pain go away?" He asked, pressing his legs closer together. His lower torso hurt, and if he had to be honest, he was worried that the Gamemaker was too tough with his asshole. He wondered if the man had tore something- if it was even possible to. "It hurts, so, so, so badlyâ€| please. I just want it to stop achingâ€|"

He isn't sure if he can get to anything that quickly- aside from the painkillers he had tucked in his robes that he almost was too scared to show toâ€| Pavel. It wasn't likeâ€| like he really needed them, but they made the thoughts go away, and the pain when it got too strong. He tries to shove the thoughts off, just continuing to stare at Pavel, before looking down at himself, standing so his bare feet weren't scraping on the floorboards anymore, undoing the tie on his robe and slipping his hand into the makeshift pocket on the inside.

He held it out to the boy- two tiny, yellow capsules. Anakin wasn't really sure what they were called, butâ€| they help with things and they made pain better, so he tries to shove the thoughts aside. Pavel's looking up to him and he thinks there's something like gratefulness in his eyes. He's smiling and leaning down again to ruffle the Victor's hair, before realizing the barenness of his body under the undone robe, quickly pulling it tight again and fiddling with the ties before glancing up to Pavel to try and gage his reaction..

He didn't know what he was supposed to say now, just nodding and pointing to the door again, waiting to hear a knock or a response from the peacekeepers, only hoping that they'd be hurrying now. He didn't know if the Gamemaker had cameras in here or notâ€| but he didn't want to get in trouble. He didn't want to get beaten again, andâ€| and he wouldn't. He wouldn't, because he had the knife from the man's desk hidden under his robe now, was willing to use it,

didn't care what happened anymoreâ€| nothing mattered now.

He wanted to say his name to Pavel, but even forming a sound hurts. He barely managed to sit on the floor next to him, lips pursed, before he attempted to groan out the syllables.

_ "Aaa...naaa...keh...nnuhâ€|" _ it takes all the strength in his body to make the syllables, enough that his throat aches from the sheer strain of it, feeling as though it were on fire, his entire mouth completely dry. He looks up to Pavel, hoping he could understand at leastâ€| something he'd done, other than the gestures.

Pavel backed away from the much older man, back hitting the wall finally. Looking down at the small pills in his hand, glancing back up at the groaning man, trying his best to figure out what in the world the man was trying to pronounce. A name, he realized, butâ€| it didn't make sense. Not to him, at least. Ana-keena? It was hard to understand, but he almost wondered if anyone else could understand him, and most likely most couldâ€| he was stupid, wasn't as smart as say Asim or anyone else he knew.

"A-Ana? Canâ€| can I call you that?" He tried to give his best half smile, hopeful that he at least got the first part of his name right. Noting the small nod from the boy, he put the pills to his lips, whispering out a quiet, "Thank you, Anaâ€| T-thank you."

Wiping his face once more, he looked down at his feet. It felt awkward now, oddly enough. Honestly, he was grateful to the red head, but still didn't know how he was supposed to thank him properly. He wanted to wrap his arms around the man, and tell him how grateful he was for cleaning the Gamemaker's pleasure off of his thighs, giving him medication, and holding his hands right after all of this happenedâ€| actually conforated. The fact that he didn't know if he was even actually allowed to do so made him feel upset again, but he tried to compose himself again. Pavel needed to stop crying; this wasn't like him, he never cried.

Not when Solon got whipped for selling drugs, or when mom had Omid when he was barely able put food in Asim's and Solon's mouths without Pavel going to be hungry, or when he was reaped and mom didn't come and say goodbye.

He wasn't supposed to ever cry- he had to be a rock. Always.

"A-are you going to be okay? D-does heâ€| force himself on you?" He regretted asking as soon as it came out, a small blush growing on his face as he turned around to stare at the red head's bare feet.

"Sorryâ€| d-don't answer if you don't want to."

He felt bad almost immediately, watching the tears spill over the boy's cheeks again, soaking his face with little trails of water, unable to bring himself to do anymore than step forward, use the end of his sleeve to pat away the tears from his face quickly, looking down at his feet again. It didn'tâ€| was _strange,_ he thought. That Pavel was actuallyâ€| trying to be kind to him, asking for his name, making sure he was okayâ€| it felt **nice.**

Comforting. Anakin doesn't know if he's ever felt comforted- or at least, not like this. And he's just standing there, trying to figure out how to tell Pavel don't cry, it's okay now, you'll be out of here soon, please, just forget about all of this. But he doesn't have any

words, doesn't have a voice, and he doesn't know how to get the words through to him.

When he asks aboutâ€| about the Gamemaker. It's startling to him, and all Anakin can think to do is give a tiny shrug. It doesn't matter. It was like you. Just once. But then he has to ask himself ifâ€| if it's going to happen more to Pavel, if people willâ€| want him for his looks, attack him, pin him down, rape him. It's a worse thought than the redhaired Avox ever wanted to have, trying to cut it out as he looked away from Pavel with a frown fixed on his face.

He wishes he could change things. But it's Panem, and things don't change- and the most useless person of all certainly didn't have a chance at changing things. Even if he wanted to fix what happened to Pavelâ€|

He's turning around again before he can help himself, fingers almost wanting to undo his robe again, show him all of it, because this is what happens when you piss off the Capitol, and I was one of them, I was one of them and they did this to me, fuck- He doesn't know if he should. He doesn't know if he should show him anything, butâ€| when he thinks about Pavel, he thinks that maybe something will change, at least for the Victors, and that makes it more bearable.

He's letting the fabric come undone and fall at his sides again without another thought, looking to the door with a sad half-smile, before his eyes settle on Pavel again. **Please don't let them hurt you.**

Pavel tried to look away, wishing away the bright red on his cheeks only growing more bright would fade away. He didn't know what he was supposed to look at- basically only knowing that he was almost completely naked if it wasn't for a small strap going over his lower regions and nipples. "S-sorry," he swallowed the lump of embarrassment in his throat, trying the best he could do to make sense of why exactly he was doing this. "W-what are you trying toâ€|"

And then he noticed.

Just by the quickest of glances, he spotted several long cuts and deep whip marks all over his chest, faded tattoos only popping them out more so.

"Didâ€| did he do that?" He asked after several long moments, fingers shaking almost as he reached out, briefly tracing the scars. They looked deep, some new and some a little older, way too many of them on his chest for it to ever actually look natural. Biting down on his lip, he looked back up at the man, closing his eyes before letting his hands grip the man's shoulder. Leaning in closer, he almost wanted to scold himself for it. Hugging the Avox would feel so awkward, even if he was super grateful for everythingâ€|

Wrapping an arm around him, he couldn't help blushing at the obvious height difference now, too aware about how the man practically towered over him. He felt so warm though, basically a human heat warmerâ€| and it felt nice. Pressing his face into his chest, breathing heavily against a tattoo, he looked up at him to gage a reaction.

"S-sorry.. Ana."

He didn't really mind. And maybe that was the strangest thought of all- that he didn't mind being hugged by the kid, or holding him in his arms, his right arm wrapping around Pavel's back, feeling the tightness of his slim muscles, the shaking of his body. He pressed his face into the younger's blonde hair, already messy, and tried not to let anything shake as he held him. He didn't want to be the one who wasâ€| trembling, a mess, because in this contextâ€|

It wasn't right. He needed to take care of Pavel.

And so before he could stop himself, he was pulling the kid to sit down on the bed, taking a place of his own on the edge, gingerly, scared of sitting on it any further. He pressed Pavel's head to his chest, arm curling around the side of his face, his breathing heavy, loud in the silence between them. He thinks he can hearâ€| tiny sobs emanating from Pavel's lips, trying to keep up the strong front, so obviously hurtingâ€|

Anakin just wants to hold him. Just for a little while. Until he feels better.

But then the door's swinging open and he can't even do that, because a light's flickering on and the Gamemaker's there, staring at them, the Avox holding the crying Victor, and he's snapping out a curse, walking over in quick, abrupt strides. Anakin's pushing Pavel away, trying to shield him as the hand grips his wrist, pulling him away, with quick words all but shouted in his face. "Anakin, you stupid little-"

And then he's trying to tune it out, but he can't help hearing, "Pavel" and "I told you, you disgusting mute, you were supposed to get him out of here-" and he's shutting his eyes, trying to grab Pavel, pull him closerâ€| his hands are finding one of the kid's in the now lit room, pulling him to his feet and trying to tug him over to the door where he can hear footsteps.

He's almost worried that if Pavel stays here any longer, someone will try to do it again. And isn't once enough? Why did theyâ€| he'd heard what they said, about _demand_, and _they're going to fucking prostitute him and I can't do anything, fuck_-

Pavel shifted his eyesight from Ana and the Head Gamemaker, closing his eyes sharply when he noticed the fact that the Gamemaker was screaming obscenities and Ana was grabbing his arm. "N-no!" He screamed practically, tears leaking down his eyes, almost falling to his knees as he held tight on Ana's thin arms. Practically leeching onto the boy's body, he couldn't help but let out loud moans. "I-I want Surah- d-don't scream at him like that. I-I want a Peacekeeper!"

It barely takes him any time to notice that Pavel's being ripped away from him, no matter how much his sweaty hand tries to cling to the younger's pale skin. His eyes are already watering, practically to the point of leaking tears, and Anakin doesn't think he can even get a thought through his head before he's being smacked, pushed onto the floor with a foot coming up to hit his ribs, eyes flying wide. He wants to scream- wants to goddamn scream, but all he can get out are

wails and moans that hardly sound human at all.

He was looking up just enough to watch the Gamemaker pulling the belt off from the dresser, forcing him onto his stomach as he stood over him with it in hand, and Anakin was half ready to just feel it already, that goddamn sting, but there was a scream andâ€œ

Pavel was practically cowering at this point- though he was sure other people would label him as cowering at the Gamemaker's feet, feeling a painful stinging sensation numbing his arm over completely as he did his best to block the belt from meeting with Ana's skin. He wouldn't let anyone touch Anaâ€œ he didn't deserve to be whipped, not because of thisâ€œ asshole's reasoning. Never.

"D-don't.." He hissed, looking up at him the best he could, trying his best to ignore the tears staining his cheeks. "Y-you can beat him with a belt! T-that's abuse! You'reâ€œ a man of great power, you're supposed to be upholding the law. Not beating him, I-Iâ€œ don't you dare touch him!"

The only response was a short laugh, the Gamemaker's eyes focusing in on Pavel far too well for the young boy to look away. He ran a hand through the Victor's hair before he could pull away, looking him over. "I have no idea what they've been telling you back in District Six," he snapped, harshly, before looking at the man huddled into a ball on the floor, pointing at him harshly. "Anakin is an** Avox**. I'm well within my rights. And you, Pavel, would do best to excuse yourself from this house now. Otherwise I might advocate on the President's request that we start listening to the demand for you. Would you like that, Pavel? To be a filthy **whore?**"

Pavel looked back at the small ball, flinching harshly at the man's very obvious threats. Hearing itâ€œ It made him feel sick. There was â€œ a demand for him? He was a teenager, barely seventeen as of April this yearâ€œ why would anyone want him? He knew that the Gamemaker only tried to have sex with him because he was a creep, butâ€œ the rest of Panem? Why would they ever actually want him? Pavelâ€œ he never considered him attractive.

"N-no," he whispered weakly, wiping his eyes, before crawling back towards Ana. Raising his arms in defense of Ana, Pavel glared down the man the best he could from his position. "I-I wanted to be a Peacekeeperâ€œ wanted to protect the innocent. I-I won't give up now. Anaâ€œ he doesn't deserve to be abused. Soâ€œ soâ€œ fuck you!"

All he could do was try and push Pavel up from where he was on the floor, staying in front of him protectively, so much that Anakin thought he could even feel some tears building in his eyes, wrapping his arms around himself as he struggled to get Pavel to look at him, tapping the boy's shoulder and grabbing his hand, pulling him closer.

When their eyes met, all he could do was mouth the silent command to him.

Leave. Please.

"N-no!" He repeated, too quietly that he didn't think that the Gamemaker could even hear him at this point. Pavel refused to leave him- never. If he was being abused, he had to protect him. When the

Peacekeepers came here, he'd tell him and would help get the boy out of here. "Ifâ€| I won't. It's not fair. Don't let himâ€| won't let him hurt you, Anaâ€|"

He's almost too worried- too much to say anything, and it's only when the door is bursting open behind him, when he can hear the footsteps of peacekeepers, and Pavel murmuring words in his ear- that he finally manages to pull himself away, looking up to Pavel as the boy is pulled up from where he's lying on the floor, taken toward the door by the peacekeepers, can still hear him crying, saying his nameâ€|

And it's only when the door closes that he's pulling himself to his feet, leaning over and letting his robe fall open as his hand slips to the band around his chest, pulling the slim object from the sideâ€|

And before anything else can be said, he's burying the blade in the Head Gamemaker's chest with a groan of something that's almostâ€| satisfied.

It all fucking hurts.

* * *

><p>Pavel didn't stop the tears leaking down his face, pushing his face further into Surah's softer chest, fists twisting in his mentor's shirt. He couldn't stop even if he wanted to or not, unleashing all of his emotions from the evening. It wasn't fair, not for poor Ana that ended up getting left behind- was probably getting beat right now, crying and huddled on the floor in pain because he couldn't convince the Peacekeepers release him.

"S-Surah," he finally said after a long time, looking up at the older man with bloodshot eyes. "The Gamemakerâ€| heâ€| he forced me. S-said they were gonna make me aâ€|"

He couldn't force himself to say the word.

The look on the former mentor's face is one of trepidation, sucking in his breath, startled and unsure of what he should say. Nobody- let alone Pavel's age- should ever have to go through a trauma likeâ€| this. No, not when there was so much else going on- so many other ways the Capitol could project themselvesâ€|

He wants to curse the fact that he has to say it. "A lot of the victorsâ€| have beenâ€| sold out. In the way that the gamemaker projected to youâ€| Pavel, I'm so sorry. There's nothing anyone can do, not if it's what the Capitol saysâ€| you know that as well as anyone." He draws in another soft breath. "Do you know what happened? After you left?"

Pavel shook his head, biting down on his hand and closing his eyes so that he could pretend he was some place far away. He didn't like the sound of what Surah saidâ€| prostitution was illegal; a well known fact that he was reminded of almost daily. The Capitol couldn't get away with it just because they were the Capitol.

"N-Noâ€|" he admitted, pulling himself closer to the older man, now

practically sitting on Surah's lap as he felt his hand brush his hair. "I-Iâ€| tell me what happened. _Did they kill Ana?"_

"Noâ€|" Surah bit down on his lip, trailing off. "The Gammemaker's dead. Andâ€| I don't think I can tell you what's going to happen to yourâ€| acquaintance. I just know thatâ€| whatever happens, it's the Capitol. Nobody deserves what they do. But that gamemaker got what was coming to himâ€| for what he did to you."

They're going to kill Ana, that was all Pavel could think, repeating in his head a million times before it actually clicked. Further curling up in a tight ball, Pavel moaned out, tears further falling down his face freely, "I-I want to go homeâ€|"

End
file.